

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

CITY FOLKS' IGNORANCE OFTEN EQUALS COUNTRY GREENNESS.

BILL GOSSETTE A REAL HERO.

Saves the Life of Ben Watkins—didn't Understand "Futures" and Was Given the Grins—All-Round Remedy for Heat and Cold.

"The Cedars," August 7, 1896.
Dear Mr. Editor,—While it grieves me to record the fact, having once been a resident of the city [C], it is, nevertheless, a true and lamentable fact that there is a tendency upon the part of some city folk to make sport of our country people. It also kills my old heart with sorrow, as I now live in the woods, to chronicle the information that may be the town bloods, in some instances, are really justifiable in sometimes abusing themselves at our expense. My friend, Rev. Dr. Hiden, had it pretty straight when he said the country produced the good men, like the good vegetables, and then the city gets the benefit of them; but it is also true that the country produces some few people greater than spring kale in April or the growing corn in July.

While I am inclined to doubt the statement when I am told that a hayseed walked into Mr. School's and asked George the price of various kinds of smoking beverages; yet, when one of the smokers stops me in front of the post-office, with the query, "Mistah, how do folks make a living here? I don't see where they have any ground cultivated," I confess to a feeling of doubt as to the wisdom of the average countryman. And then it does not strengthen my faith very much when I see a man walk up to the station at Bill Gossette Crossing at 8 o'clock in the morning and, looking upon the oval face of the train schedule indicator, which says the south-bound train is due at 12:30 P.M., sets his watch to agree with this, and remark, "Well, Mistah, I don't know 'twas so and so, though I may have been mistaken of the report that a lady went to a dry-goods store, and, after purchasing a bill of goods, asked the clerk to "please send 'em to the depot."

"Certainly, what depot?" asked the peddler calico-cutter.
"Why, the depot that I came into this morning. There isn't but one, is there?" While these things may be true, the city people may be equally as somwhat to blame. For instance, if there had been but half as many in the poor country, he would not have embarrassed Lorret, and if the gentleman who didn't see any ploughed-up ground had been in Mandessier or the Lee District, he would have had no occasion to make the break he did. However, people should be more charitable, and country folk ought not to be made the subject of all sorts of withisms, any more than a convenience, frequently, for city residents to drop in upon, and spend a pleasant summer vacation, and then next year fall to recognize their "country cousins" when they come to town.

Jokes sometimes occur in the city folk, also, and when they do the occasion is more ludicrous than when the laugh is on the rural inhabitant. A few days ago a young man with shoes built like a race-track, and a mismatched shirt and collar, walked into this Dispatch editorial-rooms. "And good mawnin! Is Mr. Pleasant's int?" he queried, as he dallied with a walking-can near as large as himself.

"Mr. Pleasant's?" answered the editor: "No Mr. Pleasant is connected with this office. Maybe you have the name wrong."

"Now it's Mistah George D. Pleasant, and was told his office was just above the Dispatch office, don't you know?" The editor smiled, this elevator stopped running, the mercury in the thermometer fell to zero for a minute and a half, and Officer Marion Sutton was sent to show the young man to Mr. Pleasant's office, two doors above the Dispatch building.

I made a monkey of myself a few days ago, and was placed in about as embarrassing a position as was Buck Bruce when he failed to recognize his own shadow after the Pullman porter had shined 'em up. I was in the office of my friend, John K. Branch, talking "silver" and the relative merits of Branchwood and Eddie Anderson, when the telephone bell rang. "I'm tired, Bill," said John, "Hello, hello!" said I.

"Is that John Branch's office?"

"What's quoted for September wheat?"

"This is July, man, what are you talking about?" I yelled, thinking I had a joke on someone. "Call up George King. He can tell you about wheat. John Branch knows a little about horses, and has some faint knowledge as to the habits of Light Brahima fowls; but he doesn't know any more about wheat than I do about 16 on 12."

"Hold on, Bill; what are you telling about? I can sell that more wheat in five minutes than George King can in two months," and with that prompt to his bottom findings, the young banker proceeded to expatiate upon futures and margins, and what a dual the fellow would have if "fret silver" obtained, all of which to me was as clear as Richmond hydrant water. All the time he was talking Mr. Branch was reading from a telegraphic sign-board on the wall that looked to me for all the world like a lost leaf from an amateur stenographer's note-book. Of course, John laughed until he grinned, and I think the old man was laughing. I didn't get mad, though, but when those fellows come up to eat fruit with me I will give them green persimmons for a new variety of apricots, and then I will have another paragraph for you."

I saved a man—"a good little man's"—like the other day, and when I looked at the papers next morning I expected to see the big headline "Bill Watson Rescued from a Fearful Fate"—but there was not a word. It happened this way: Ben Watkins, like myself, is a frequent passenger on the Bon Air train over the Southern railway. My friend, Captain Green, is space with all the new inventions, and puts them to a test on the Bon Air train. At present he is experimenting with a device for air insulation whereby the passengers can save the time in getting a rope and ringing the bell at stations and road crossings. As a result, a button is pressed on the locomotive in Richmond and the old bell jingles all the way to Keyser, and the trainmen and passengers are now all riding with their ears stuffed full of cotton. The old way of signalling whereby the conductors pulled a rope that extended from the rear end of the rear coaches to the locomotive has been replaced by a steam arrangement that blows a whistle in the cabin of the engine. The old, long rope arrangement is done away with and each coach is in direct connection with the locomotive.

Well, Ben Watkins didn't know this, and while he and I and two or three dozen other passengers were riding on the platform, because the cars were all filled up, Ben noticed that there was no rope to blow the whistle on the car. He turned white, shrimp pink, peacock green, and all the new colors, and as he threw himself upon my neck, he gasped, "Where's Dick up on the noon train?"

"Oh, Bill! save me! let me jump off! Suppose the car was to leave the track, don't you see the bell-cord is gone? Oh, let me get off, I say, and walk home. I don't want to ride! Oh, Bill! oh, Dick! oh, heavens! What shall I do?" And with this the terrified traveller made a frantic effort to get from the platform.

I finally got him into the car, and with the assistance of Captain Dudley Rudd we made the Chesterfield understand that there was no danger, and that all was well.

During the past few days 45,000 people have asked me, "Ain't it hot?" but only one out of that great number was thoughtful enough to say, "Ain't it hot? Let's have a drink." It seems to me that in these days we know the country to quite me on a subject concerning which I am very sensitive. Now, if it was a boil on the back of my neck, and I was assuming a position like one affected with a quick, there would have been just \$1,000 thousand recipes named as an offset to that rising; but only one offers any relief for the oppressive heat. I would like to state right here that when it is hot, I know it's hot; and if any one wants to ask me about it, please say, "Great Scott, ain't it hot? Let's cool off with a drink." The same thing applies to all the seasons, and when it comes I know it, and you can just say, "Gee, buck, ain't it cold? let's warm up with a drink."

BILL GOSSETTE.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Some Objections to the Democratic Platform Answered.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

By this time the Republicans doubtless realize the mistake they made in nominating McKinley. By so doing they placed emphasis on the question of protection—a question that is now exciting little attention. The majority of the people are in favor of the present tariff in working satisfaction, and is producing more revenue than was expected.

It is having a stimulating effect on industries. It is giving to the workingmen more stability of employment, and to his employer greater stability of prices, while it furnishes the consumer with cheaper goods. There is a general disposition to give the present tariff a more complete trial, and in making its changes it is in every way in the interest of the party.

The people know well and truly that the action of the brokers and operators of Wall Street, in organizing themselves into a McKinley campaign club, was determined not by patriotism or other worthy sentiment, but solely and alone by consideration of the selfish interests and ends of themselves and their London associates. McKinley is the chosen vessel of Wall Street. Are the interests of the masses of plain people identical or consistent with those of Wall Street? If not, can McKinley serve two masters? The people of this country have availed Wall Street more in his dictation than in his counts.

The material must be pure linen. It is composed of scraps and cuttings purchased from the great linen mills at Belfast, Ireland, and no foreign substance is admitted. A firm at Dalton, Mass., has the contract for its manufacture, and enters into a new contract, under heavy bond, each year, for the faithful observance of all specifications and requirements, and for prompt delivery at the Treasury Department. The contract stipulates that the paper shall be manufactured under the supervision of an agent of the government, known upon the records as United States superintendent; that it shall be under the care of an agent appointed by the Treasury Department; that it shall be delivered in iron-bound boxes of a certain description and size, and under seal, each box to contain a given number of sheets of stipulated size. Each shipment of paper is accompanied by two reports, one made by the manufacturer, and the other by the United States Superintendent, which most tally in statement of date, size of paper, number of sheets forwarded, and for what it is to be used.

PIECES OF SILK.

In the manufacture of this "distinctive paper" short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp, in an engine constructed for the purpose, and the finished material is conducted to a wire cloth without passing through any screens, which might retain the threads. By a device placed above the wire cloth a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped carefully upon the paper, while it is being formed, and thus the pretty delicate lines so much admired and the subject of so much wonder are produced.

The series is one of great beauty, and will be popular. The \$1 note was designed by W. M. Low, of New York; the \$5 note by Edvin H. Beachell, of New York; and the \$10 and \$20 bills by Walter Shippard, of New York.

The designs for the backs of all these were executed by that well-known artist, Mr. Thomas E. Morris, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

THE NEW CERTIFICATES.

The prevailing custom in the preparation of many plates is to include a vignette, selecting the portrait of some one deceased, who in life was distinguished either as a military or a civilian leader. The series will be effected at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

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THE PROCESS.

A design is first prepared by an artist of skill, who submits it for the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury. This design, when approved, is engraved on stone, the original die being placed in the custody of the custodian of dies, rolls, and plates. The Bureau is then ready to make plates for actual printing. The steel is hardened, then given to the transferer, who, by pressure on a cylinder of soft steel, takes upon the entire design of the note. This cylinder, which is called a roll, is then hardened in turn, and from this roll the transfer reproduces four times on a plate 33 inches in dimensions. The design of the note and four notes are respectively designed by the letters A, B, C, and D. The plate is then hardened and remains all the wit and vivacity of the earlier days. At the conclusion of Mr. Fisher's remarks the association joined in singing "The Sweet By-and-By."

THE HARBORTON AND WARDSTOWN CHURCHES were received into the association, and the right hand of fellowship extended to the delegates of these churches.

ONANCOCK, VA., August 15.—(Special) The second day's proceedings at the Accomac Baptist Association were begun with devotional exercises, led by the Rev. Patrick A. Warren, of Williamsburg, Va., the son of the first pastor of the Ossian Baptist church. The Rev. William Fisher, of Appomattox, who has given his public ministry in this country more than forty-five years ago, delivered an instructive and amusing address on his early experiences on the Eastern Shore. The spirit of his advanced age Mr. Fisher's remarks the association joined in singing "The Sweet By-and-By."

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The Second Day's Proceedings—Addresses and Reports.

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